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Teen Angst Poem

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Teen Angst Poem

Joey Arak

I walk outside.
The sky is red,
Full of envy and greed.
All life is dead.

No one cares about life.
No one cares about death.
People are screaming,
Running out of breath.

There is no humor,
There are no laughs.
Only corrupt warlords,
Feel their wrath.

Such is the life of a teenage poet—
No motivation, no luck.
Aren't these people boring?
Doesn't teen angst suck?